Take horſe ſweet father, let vs ſaue our ſelues.

Enter Exeter.

Exet. Away my Lord, for vengeance comes along with him:
Nay ſtand not to expoſtulate, make haſte,
Or elſe come after, Ile away before.

K. Hen. Nay ſtay good *Exeter*, for Ile along with thee.

Enter Clifford wounded, with an Arrow in his necke.

Clif. Heere burnes my Candle out,
That whilſt it laſted, gaue King *Henry* light.
Ah Lancaſter, I feare thine ouerthrow,
More then my bodies parting from my ſoule.
My loue and feare glude many friends to thee,
And now I die, that tough commixture melts.
Impairing *Henry*, ſtrengthened miſproud *Yorke*,
The common people ſwarme like ſummer flies,
And whether flies the Gnats, but to the ſunne?
And who ſhines now, but *Henries* enemy?
Oh *Phœbus*, hadſt thou neuer giuen conſent,
That *Phaeton* ſhould checke thy fiery ſteedes,
Thy burning carre had neuer ſcorcht the earth.
And *Henry*, hadſt thou liu'd as Kings ſhould do,
And as thy father and his father did,
Giuing no foote vnto the houſe of *Yorke*,
I and ten thouſand in this wofull Land,
Had left no mourning widdowes for our deaths,
And thou this day hadſt kept thy throne in peace.
For what doth cheriſh weeds, but gentle aire?
And what makes robbers bold, but lenity?
Bootleſſe are plaints, and cureleſſe are my wounds,
No way to flie, no ſtrength to hold out flight,
The foe is mercileſſe and will not pitty me,
And at their hands I haue deſerude no pitty.
The ayre is got into my bleeding wounds,
And much effuſe of blood doth make me faint,
Come *Yorke* and *Richard*, *Warwicke* and the reſt,

I ſtab'd your fathers, now come ſp

Enter Edward, Richard, W

Edw. Thus farre our fortunes ke
Courſe, and we are grac'd with wi
Some troopes purſue the bloudy m
That now towards *Barwick* doth p
But thinke you that *Clifford* is fled
War. No, tis impoſſible he ſhou
Eor though before his face I ſpeak
Your brother *Richard* markt him f
And where ſo ere he be, I warrant
Clifford grones, a

Edw. Harke, what ſoule is this t
Rich. A deadly grone, like life a
Edw. See who it is, and now the
Friend or foe, let him be friendly
Rich, Reuerſe that doome of m
Who kild our tender brother *Ru*
And ſtab'd our Princely father, D
War. From off the gates of *York*
Head, Your fathers head which C
Inſtead of that, let his ſupply the
Meaſure for meaſure muſt be anſ
Edw. Bring forth that fatall Scr
That nothing ſung to vs but blou
Now his euill boding tongue no
War. I thinke his vnderſtanding
Say Clifford, doſt thou know wh
Darke cloudy death ore-ſhades
And he nor ſees nor heares vs wh
Rich. Oh would he did, and ſo p
And tis his pollicy that in the tim
He might auoid ſuch bitter ſtorm
In his houre of death did giue vn
George. Richard, if thou thinke
Rich. Clifford, aske mercy and

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Parts 2 & 3* (STC 26101) LONDON, 1619 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBUR